300 Word Ficlets

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14092107.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	James Bond (Craig Movies), Basic Instinct (Movies), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom, Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013), Blood and Chocolate (2007), Mænd & høns | Men & Chicken (2015), The Jane Austen Book Club (2007), Adam (2009), Valhalla Rising, Ella Enchanted (2004)
Relationships:	Le Chiffre/Adam Towers, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Elias (Men & Chicken)/Adam Towers, Hannibal Lecter/Grigg Harris, Grigg Harris/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Prince Charmont (Ella Enchanted)/One Eye (Valhalla Rising), Le Chiffre/Dr John Flynn
Characters:	Adam Towers, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Aiden (Blood and Chocolate), Elias (Men & Chicken), Grigg Harris, Adam Raki, Prince Charmont (Ella Enchanted), One Eye (Valhalla Rising), Le Chiffre (James Bond)
Additional Tags:	Prompt Fill, Car Sex, Hand Jobs, genderqueer Hannibal, Hannibal Extended Universe, Blow Jobs, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, Mating Bites, True Mates, References to Knotting, Pet Play, Collars, Omega Grigg, Shoe Shop AU, Scenting, Alpha Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Post Mpreg, Crack, injured animal, Manipulation, Will Graham is so done with your shit Hannibal you're just lucky you're pretty, Sex Dream, Therapy, Awkwardness, Inappropriate Erections, Grief/Mourning, Slavery, Jealousy, Misunderstandings, mermaid au, Hunters & Hunting, Love Confessions, Alpha/Alpha, Alpha Nigel, Alpha Adam Raki, Elevator Sex, Claustrophobia, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site, see tags and notes for more info on each chapter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 18 of Tiger's canon(ish) Hannigram fics, Part 23 of Tiger's S4 Hannigram fics, Part 29 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics, Part 67 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-25 Completed: 2018-05-13 Words: 6,453 Chapters: 19/19

300 Word Ficlets

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prompt Fills of (roughly) 300 words.

see tags and notes for more info on each chapter

Notes

1 - Royale Instinct + Rolls Royce (314 words - Explicit)
2 - Hannigram S4 + "surprise me" (315 words - Teen&Up)
3 - Hannigram S4 + Genderqueer Hannibal (322 words - Teen&Up)
4 - ChocolateDogs + Domestic (317 words - Mature)
5 - Hannigram S4 + Grocery Shopping (304 words - Explicit)
6 - Hannigram S4 A/B/O + morning after they bond (323 words - Mature)
7 - Basic Chickens + Surprise Romantic Gesture (385 words - Teen&Up)
8 - Royale Instinct + more Panther (333 words - Explicit)
9 - Hannibal x Grigg A/B/O + Shoe Shop AU (336 words - Teen&Up)
10 - Griggel A/B/O + Post Mpreg fluff (321 words - Teen&Up)
11 - Hannigram + Pet Chicken (305 words - Teen&Up)
12 - Hannigram + post sex dream therapy session (358 words - Mature)
13 - Spacedogs + Wish (352 words - Teen&Up)
14 - Valhalla Enchanted + brooding Char, viking One Eye (330 words - Teen&Up)
15 - Le Chiffre/One Eye x Dr Flynn + dreams of reincarnation (331 words - Teen&Up)
16 - Spacedogs A/B/O + more Celeb AU (374 words - Mature)
17 - Spacedogs + mermaids (378 words - Teen&Up)
18 - Hannigram S4 + spontaneous “I love you” (351 words - Mature)
19 - Hannigram + smut crack in an elevator (413 words - Explicit)

Royale Instinct + Rolls Royce

Chapter Summary

Sugar daddy Le Chiffre decides to treat his boy to more than a new car...

Also on tumblr

300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

Adam's grin actually hurt his damn face.

He couldn't pull his eyes from Jean as they raced along the country road in the vintage Rolls, the wind tousling his curls.

It had been well over a year since he'd acquired this rather wondrous sugar daddy, and about 6 months since he'd realised there was more between them. Even so, he never ceased to be, embarrassingly and juvenily, impressed by Le Chiffre's wealth and power. The way he was able to persuade with so few words.

"I can't believe he let us take this for a test drive alone." Adam chuckled. "What did you say to him?"

Jean didn't look across, remaining stoic as he pulled them off the road and down a little lane. He put the car in park before snaking his arm across the back of Adam's chair and turning to face him.

"That I have every intention of buying this car, but I wanted the new owner to christian it first." The words were growled out and it went straight to Adam's balls. His cock immediately started to harden and his breath caught as Jean began to one-handedly unbuckle his belt. "A beautiful car for my beautiful boy." He murmured against Adam's ear - one hand playing at the nape of his neck, the other pulling out Adam's cock and stroking it to full hardness.

Adam writhed and panted as Jean laced kisses to the side of his neck and rumbled beautiful words, until he shuddered and spent himself in his lover's fist, against the vintage dash.

Jean hummed his appreciation. “Mmm, and a beautiful mess as always.”

He took Jean’s soiled hand in his - “shall I play valet?” Adam delicately cleaned the come with his tongue before leaning in and sharing the flavour with Jean.

“There may be more before our drive is over.” Jean growled, taking his mouth once more.

Hannigram + Surprise

Chapter Summary

Another day on the run, another motel. This time with similarities/differences.

also on tumblr

300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

They had laughed about it when they'd entered the room, or at least Will had. A hearty belly laugh the likes of which hadn't come easily for a while. Hannibal had seemed uncertain, wary of how Will might react and then uncertain about the reaction that did happen. After a few moments Hannibal had allowed a rumbled and low laugh, though it seemed more humouring than anything. It had made Will grin all the more.

What were the odds that after all these months on the run in the ass end of nowhere, they would end up at a motel nearly identical to the one they had shared breakfast in back when they first met? A surprise more than a shock. The room was subtly different. The colour of the walls was the same in every damn motel, so there was that. This had twin beds instead of a double. But the layout was otherwise identical - right down to the exact same table sat in front of the window.

Hannibal had been quiet for most of the evening before disappearing to get supplies - bringing back premade dinner and a not too terrible bottle of wine. They drank and Hannibal loosened up, enough to admit that he had worried it would remind Will of a time he didn't want to remember. That it might undo how close they had become.

Will chuckled and shook his head. Going on ten months they'd been together day in and day out. Become close, though the glancing touches and lingering looks spoke of how much closer they might be.

They finished the wine and Will laughed again.

“Life is weird.”

Hannibal chuckled his response - “Very philosophical.”

Will knew then that he would remember that night forever. The conversation, the fumbled hours that followed - but mostly the look of thrilled surprise on Hannibal’s face when he leaned in and kissed him.

Hannigram + Genderqueer Hannibal

Chapter Summary

Since their fall, Hannibal has changed… but become more himself.

[also on tumblr]

Over a year had passed since they fell and in that time, more than once, Will's hair had become unruly and his beard unkempt. Hannibal had commented now and then, teasing as he tugged at Will's curls and kissed his coarsely haired throat. More than once Hannibal had trimmed Will's hair for him, shaved his beard.

And yet neither had ever mentioned Hannibal's lengthening hair.

At first it had been subtle, growing silky and straight. Run threw with grey. Until it had become long enough to pull back into the nub of a bun. Will had been tempted to tease Hannibal - ask if he wasn't too old to be a hipster. But he didn't because there was something unspoken between them, even then.

The way that Hannibal started to carry himself slowly changed. Away from the pretense of his previous life. No need to present himself in a particular way. Some days Hannibal wore his crisp suits, if somewhat less ostentatious than they had been. Some days he was softer, in knits that over time became less fitted. Will clearly recalled the first time Hannibal had worn an oversized sweater slung off of one shoulder. *Feminine*.

Will had kissed his shoulder and they'd made love. Hannibal had seemed relieved.

Now Hannibal's hair was down passed his shoulders and he often wore it in a ponytail. Except at home where he'd wear it loose and free, and Will would run his hands through it when they sat cuddled together on the sofa.

They'd never spoken about it. Never needed to. Will had realised early that he had known this all along. Seen this in Hannibal. And he accepted it, along with everything else. Because as with everything about Hannibal, it wasn't something tangible that could be put into a box and labelled. It was just who he was - the person that Will Graham had fallen undeniably and dangerously in love with.

ChocolateDogs + Domestic

Chapter Summary

> Nigel reflects on how perfect his life is.
>
> also on tumblr

Chapter Notes

> Vix asked for this one as she likes Designated Sitter, my current ChocolateDogs werewolf AU WIP, but I've tried to make this something standalone. Hence no werewolves XD
>
> I'm currently working on the last chapter of Designated Sitter and will posting it on Patreon next month, and thereafter on AO3.

Nigel wasn't sure when he'd ever felt this way before. That the answer was likely that he never had, was something he didn't want to unpack. Especially not now that he had everything. Nothing that came before really mattered or could compare.

Aiden had moved in with him.

He'd arrived with his few bags the night before. They'd ginned stupidly at each other as he dropped the bags inside the door. They grabbed for each other, and kissed a long while before collapsing back against the wall, chuckling and breathless.

It had taken a great effort to pull themselves away from each other and eat the dinner Nigel had prepared. They drank terrible Romanian beer, and laughed, played footsie under the table like

lovesick teenagers.

Aiden had insisted they do the dishes before bed and somehow they'd both ended up at the sink. Nigel pressed against Aiden's back, his arms slotted through to the water - *helping*. They both ended up covered in suds and water.

Before the water even finished draining, they'd chased each other up to the bedroom, peeling their damp clothes until they were both naked. Desperate kisses interspersed with more laughter, slowed until they were clutching at each other as they gently made love.

Now it was morning, and the near panic-inducing cold side of the bed was quickly explained when he looked up to see Aiden sat in the window seat, reading. So fucking gorgeous.

"Come back to bed." Nigel rumbled, basking in the smile that Aiden gave him as he lowered his book.

"I'm an early riser…" Aiden started as he walked back to the bed.

Nigel reached out and grabbed him, pulling him over his body until there was no doubt Aiden could feel his morning wood. "Me too, gorgeous."

They laughed into another kiss, overwhelmed with the happiness that this could be theirs every morning. Their total bliss.

Hannigram + Grocery Shopping

Chapter Summary

Will has discovered a new favourite activity.

[also on tumblr]

300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

“He was kinda rude, don’t you think?” Will asked, seemingly blasé.

“Hmm?” Hannibal was busy packing the last grocery bag into the trunk as dusk began to fall.

“The guy at the checkout. Even the way he packed the bags was… passive aggressive.” Will's words were teasing, just shy of a taunt.

Hannibal close the trunk and quirked a brow at Will.

“I suppose. This isn't a tolerant area. He perceived us as homosexual.” Hannibal shrugged and got into the car.

Will let out a light chuckle and slid into the passenger's seat. “Are… are we not homosexual? I mean… last night…” Will licked his lips and Hannibal grinned at the memory.

“I believe, as in all things, we are beyond definition.”

Will returned the grin as Hannibal started the car and pulled out of the lot. After a moment he continued -

“He was exceptionally rude… and… Whenever feasible, one should always try to eat the rude.”

That earned him a sideways glance. “Will, are you trying to goad me?” He turned his eyes back to the road. “You know full well that my appetite is more… selective.”

“Shame. Just being around that asshole made me hungry.” Will rumbled, his tone definitely teasing now. “Some might say it's rude of you to-”

“Will…” Hannibal growled his name in warning which only made Will chuckle.

“Just a little snack.” He smirked, leaning over to undo Hannibal's belt and fly. Hannibal huffed, but even so, slowed the car a little and eased back enough in his seat to give Will enough room to work.

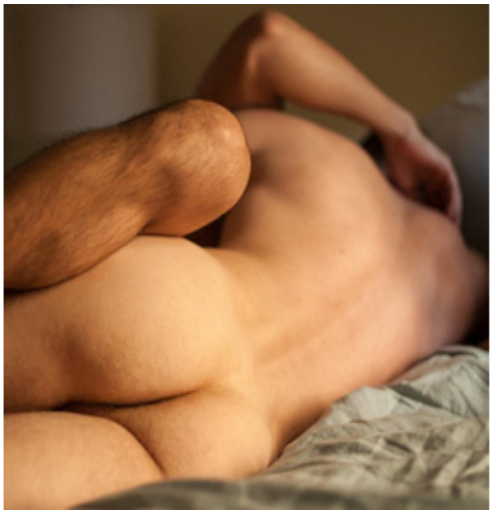
As he tried to concentrate on not crashing the car whilst Will licked and sucked, Hannibal wondered quite how many times Will would find excuses to do wonderful and insane things like this. Not that he would ever hesitate to let him.

Hannigram S4 A/B/O + morning after they bond

Chapter Summary

They were finally healed physically, it was time to heal emotionally...

also on tumblr



300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

When Will woke everything ached, pleasantly so. Over the course of several hours the previous evening, he had discovered muscles he didn't even know existed. Satisfyingly, it almost felt as though he was still knotted, so thoroughly had he been taken - over and over. Making up for lost time. Long years spent trying to avoid this - the inevitable.

He stretched out in the bed and the ache subsided a little, only bringing his focus to the burning at his neck. The flaming heat of the mating bite that would heal quickly but painfully. Like a brand. Like the one he had bitten into Hannibal's neck in return.

He should regret this. Everything and anything logical left in him told him so. But he couldn't. There was no logic when it came to Hannibal. True mates was not an excuse, he couldn't ignore what Hannibal was because of it. He could only come to terms with what he himself was, for fate to have made this match.

Will rolled to his other side, the alpha was sleeping soundly - exhausted and naked. It felt right. That even their first night together, the first time Hannibal had knotted him, they had done this. Bonded. But really, just made true this connection that was already between them.

He played his fingers lightly over Hannibal's chest, sensing the alpha's contentment was the same as his own. A hum of pleasure rumbled in Hannibal's throat and his eyes fluttered open. A smile Will had only discovered the night before - that Hannibal had only for him - lit the alpha's face.

Hannibal's hands came up and pulled him into a light kiss, another hum of pleasure before Hannibal released him and the smile - tinged with sleep and adoration - grew fangs.

"I love you Will." Hannibal voiced what thus far been unspoken between them.

Will huffed a light laugh. "I know." He grinned before leaning in and taking Hannibal's mouth once more.

Basic Chickens + Unexpected Romantic Gesture

Chapter Summary

> After they file their cloning patent, Adam comes to interview Elias and his brothers.
>
> also on tumblr

Chapter Notes

> Firstly, this is the first time I've written the usual Adam as a journalist going to interview the brothers XD But I didn't want to base it around It's Not A Secret as I have other plans for that. Secondly, OH MY GOD THIS IS SO MANY WORDS BUT I HAD TO CUT LOADS AND I COULDN'T GET IT ANY LESS THAN 385 BUT THAT IS LIFE!!!

When Adam Towers had come to the house to interview them about the cloning patent, Elias had been annoyed. The man was annoyingly attractive, beautiful even - certainly sure to turn people's heads. His voice was annoyingly pleasant - the British accent sure to be a hit with the local ladies. And he was annoyingly interested in the what Franz had to say about the patent. In fact they spent all their time together.

Elias contented himself to kicking around the house, very subtle in his observations of the man who was to be their guest for a few days. The very annoying man.

Adam finally wanted to talk to him on the second day.

"I'm very busy! You're very presumptive to think I would be available." Elias scalded him for his rudeness.

Adam grinned. "Oh? I apologise. I only assumed as you spent all of yesterday tailing me."

Elias flustered and protested. Adam laughed and then his features softened. He teased that maybe Elias was in some way interested in him. Preposterous, of course!

By the third evening, Adam sought him out as he fed the chickens. They talked for hours. Adam only laughed with him and not at him. He also stood annoyingly close and Elias finally had to excuse himself to privately relieve the problem this caused.

Two more days of questions for his brothers and free time spent with Elias until Adam, annoyingly, had to leave.

Elias walked him to out, wringing his hands. Anxious as he handed Adam a hastily wrapped gift. Adam looked surprised, then smiled as he opened it.

"You write a lot of notes. This is a nicer pen. Very durable."

"That's... really thoughtful. Thank you."

"Perhaps you could also use it to write me letters." Elias huffed.

Adam stepped close to him - annoyingly close - and then took his hand, scrawling numbers on it with the pen.

"My number." Adam said, before pulling Elias into a kiss. Their bodies pressed together and Elias had to try annoyingly hard not to spend himself when Adam moaned into his mouth. Finally Adam pulled back, leaving Elias breathless and sweating with need. "Call me when you get to London."

"I... I'm not going to London..." Elias replied, confused.

"Yes you are." Adam grinned and stepped into the taxi.

Annoyingly, he was right.

Royale Instinct + more Panther

Chapter Summary

A little continuation of Panther, from Le Chiffre's POV.

also on tumblr

As yet, there had been nothing in his developing relationship with Adam that had given Jean pause for thought. Perhaps this should, but it didn't. Instead he grinned at Adam - the slight flush to his cheeks and scent of arousal obvious - as he held the collar out to him when he returned to the bed.

Jean took it and turned it over in his hands. High quality leather, a large bell - to mimic the collar of a usually much smaller cat.

"You wish to domesticate me?" He rumbled, amused.

Adam grinned back. "I'm sure I already did." An obvious twitch of his cock.

Jean couldn't argue. In his everyday life he was still the formidable carnivore people knew and feared. But with Adam, he was gentle, vulnerable and - when they were both inclined - submissive.

Even when he had claws out for Adam, he was tame - he was his pet.

To that end, the collar was amusing.

He smiled wryly as he allowed Adam to slip it back from his grasp. With no hesitation or fear of refusal, Adam crawled over him, their hardening cocks sliding together as the bunny straddled him. He leaned forward, crushing their hips together to place the collar around Jean's willing throat.

Adam moved slowly forward before sitting back up, sinking back onto Jean's waiting cock. He twisted his finger under the collar, pulling it a little tighter when Jean groaned. Adam always felt

amazing, and Jean was always willing to allow him to take whatever he wanted.

As Adam started to ride him slowly, one hand still keeping the collar tight, he stroked Jean's cheek with his free hand.

"Such a sweet kitty. Just waiting for this bunny to declaw you."

Jean groaned as he nodded. Adam grinned as he dropped his hand to the bell, giving it a flick so that it jingled.

"Good kitty." He growled before moving in ever harder and deeper movements, giving Jean no doubt of how much Adam really enjoyed domesticating him.

Hannibal x Grigg A/B/O + Shoe Shop AU

Chapter Summary

> Grigg's first day on the job is more interesting than anticipated.
>
> also on tumblr

The shoe boutique was not Grigg's first choice for his college job. Retail in general hadn't been, but he needed the money and it was the only job that had fit around his classes. It was the kind of place none of his sisters would have even been caught dead in, much less himself.

He rubbed his sweating palms down his sides. First day, he could do this. He was the only omega taking Advanced Business, he could certainly do this!

"Can I help you, sir?" Grigg asked, trying to seem confident when really two things were already impeding that - his complete lack of knowledge (and interest) in fancy shoes, and the scent of the alpha that he now stood in front of.

He was immaculately dressed in a well-tailored black suit. His hair was slicked back and he was, in every sense of the word - polished.

"I require new shoes." The alpha brandished a suit bag from a very upmarket store. "Something to go with lilac."

Grigg raised a brow and smiled, feeling a little more at ease, by this clearly rich and eccentric fellow. "Special occasion?" He asked as he guided the alpha towards the men's shoes.

"I start my internship at John Hopkins tomorrow." A curt but not unfriendly reply.

The alpha's rich accent made Grigg tingle all over.

“A doctor?” He swallowed. Eligible bachelor, alpha, doctor? In an effort not to ask if he was single Grigg instead blurted - “Doctor McCoy was always my favourite.”

The alpha frowned at him for a moment, confused. And then… he very subtly, sniffed the air.

“Did… did you just smell me?” Grigg blushed, his face flaming red knowing the alpha would scent his interest.

The alpha’s response was the quirk of his lips into a grin. “Hannibal Lecter.” He replied, holding out his hand. Grigg shook it cautiously, the smile and tone making his skin prickle all over. He suddenly had the sense that he was an easily manipulated prey.

He wasn’t sure he minded.

Griggel A/B/O + Post Mpreg Fluff

Chapter Summary

A continuation of Oops... (Griggel ABO): Nigel embraces fatherhood.

also on tumblr

Nigel heard the gentle murmurings of Ben stirring in the bed between them. He looked over and saw Grigg start to rouse, completely attuned to the baby.

"Shhh baby, daddy needs some sleep." Nigel scooped Ben from the bed and rocked him, sticking his pinkie into Ben's mouth and grinning when he latched on. "Hungry little bugger. You gotta give your daddy some peace." Nigel stood carefully from the bed and wandered down to the kitchen careful not to wake Grigg. Ben started to grumble around his finger as he opened the fridge and Nigel chuckled. "No fooling you huh kiddo? Smart like your daddy."

He took a bottle of expressed milk out of the fridge and warmed it. He seemed to have become an expert at things he had never known were a part of life before. And what was crazy was that he was loving it.

He fed Ben until the baby fell back to sleep, dozing in the crook of his arm and not stirring in the slightest when Nigel laid him down in his bassinet next to their bed.

Grigg stirred when he climbed back into bed next to him, rolling to snuggle into the alpha's side.

"Love you." He muttered against Nigel's skin.

Nigel's heart swelled. If someone had told him this future lay ahead he would never have believed them. "Love you too gorgeous." He hugged Grigg to him, stroking his back.

Grigg relaxed into the touch before scooting up the bed and pressing his lips to Nigel's. The kiss was soft and slow, and Grigg still had his eyes closed - almost a dead weight against in his exhaustion. When Grigg added a little tongue Nigel pulled back with a chuckle. "Darling, you should get some sleep."

Before he'd even finished the words, Grigg was snoring very softly. Nigel smiled and moved so that he was curled around the omega. The heart of his family.

Hannigram + Pet Chicken

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal rescues a stray.
>
> Also on Tumblr

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

“Sorry to intrude. I have come across a stray and I hope you might help.”

“A stray? Uh… yeah, ok…” Will opened his front door further. “Where’s the do-”

Hannibal turned and presented him with the blackest chicken he had ever laid eyes on. “A silkie, I found it wandering my yard but it belongs to none of my neighbours.”

“It’s a chicken.”

“Yes, a silkie, as I said.”

“Hannibal… isn’t that… didn’t you make a soup once with…”

“Shh.” Hannibal held the chicken to him as though shielding it from the words. “That was different. And this poor creature looks to have injured itself.”

Will had to stop himself rolling his eyes as he gestured to the table and took a seat himself, carefully taking the chicken and looking it over.

“No blood. Can’t feel anything broken.”

“She was limping.”

Will checked her feet. “There’s a little sore on her foot, maybe that’s irritating her. I can clean it up and you can take her home-”

“I think.” Hannibal interrupted. “That is, don’t you think she’d be better with you? More land here, more animal friendly. You could make a place for her in the barn perhaps?” When Will opened his mouth to protest, Hannibal continued - “I’ll pay for her care and come to visit of course. Daily if necessary. After all… We’re her fathers now.”

If Will could have rolled his eyes with his whole body, he would have. This was by far the most ridiculous and transparent of the efforts that Hannibal had made to try and insinuate himself in Will’s life.

Will sighed. “Fine… come by and visit Soup any time you like.”

When the grin spread across Hannibal’s face, Will wanted to slap him. But he wanted to slap himself all the more for finding that grin so damn enticing.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, Soup is the name of the chicken...

Hannigram + post sex dream therapy session

Chapter Summary

> Will has an excruciating therapy session ahead after having a rather explicit sex dream about his therapist the night before...
>
> also on tumblr

300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

"Are you quite well, Will?"

Hannibal's question, clearly aimed at his flushed state, made Will redden all the more. He should have called and cancelled. No, he should just suck it up and not let this bother him. Instead, the rather explicit and indecent dream he'd had overnight about Dr Lecter made him feel like a teenager with an inappropriately timed boner. Not that he was hard. Not now. Waking this morning had been a whole other matter.

Based almost entirely on his few experimentations at college, back when he still had the nerve to pick up guys, his imagination had run riot. The Dr Lecter in his dreams had rimmed and fingered him thoroughly before fucking him into the mattress. It had resulted in a necessary act of relief during his morning shower, and a subsequent mortified embarrassment at having dreamed it, much less got off to it.

"I, uh... Bad dreams." He lied. His eyes drawn to Lecter, who today of all days, had decided to remove his jacket in the temperate weather. Will wanted to pretend he hadn't noticed the doctor's physique before, that it hadn't informed his dreams in the least. He squirmed as the dream continued to return in flashes.

"It seems to have made you very uncomfortable. Would you like to discuss it?"

"No." Will all but shouted. He cleared his throat.

Lecter raised a brow at the outburst, making Will feel both childish and rude.

"I... It was... I dreamt about someone I know. It was… uncomfortable."

“Violent?”

“No, god no… um.”

“Ah.”

“Ah?” Will squirmed again and felt his face burn.

"Your dream was sexual. It’s nothing to be embarrassed about Will. Dreams may be informed by elements of the waking world, but they are beyond our control. Merely our brain processing data. You needn't read anything into it. You certainly shouldn't feel that you must act upon it."

“Wh- act on...?” Will swallowed and squirmed in the chair again.

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed in on him like he was prey, a grin spreading - both knowing and amused. Cruelly alurring.

Fuck.

Hannibal knew.

Will started to get hard. Again.

Spacedogs + Wish

Chapter Summary

Everyone needs a friend.

[also on tumblr]

300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

"What are you going to wish for Adam?" His dad asked. They had been stargazing when the shooting star appeared. His dad had seemed so happy to see it that Adam didn't have the heart to explain that it was really a meteor burning up in the earth's atmosphere.

He thought up a wish quickly. "To find a friend." His dad had smiled and hugged him to his side.

He didn't have many friends, even fewer that weren't his dad's friends - like Harlan. And he knew his dad worried about that, even if Adam didn't - he wasn't always good with people.

*

That decade old memory came to mind as Adam sat in the park the week after his dad died. Maybe it hadn't been such a stupid wish? Maybe he did need a friend sometimes?

Another meteor shower started and he looked up. It was so beautiful. Adam curled up on the bench and watched it, wondering if he should make another wish.

"Hey, hey kid." Adam didn't realise he'd fallen asleep until he was shaken awake. He opened his eyes to see an attractive man in a shirt covered in dogs, and wondered if he was dreaming. "Thank fuck. I thought you were dead. That is never a good way to start the night."

The man lit a cigarette and dropped onto the bench next to him.

"The park is closed." Adam said warily.

“No shit. What are you doing here?”

“Missing my father.” Adam replied the absolute truth.

“Yeah. I know.”

Adam looked at the man then, really looked into his eyes - trying to work out how he knew.

“I’m Nigel.” He held out his hand to shake. “My friend Harlan asked me to check on you. Said you’re an interesting guy in need of a friend.”

“Why… why would Harlan want you to be my friend?”

The man paused before replying - “Because he knows I’m in need of a friend too.”

“Oh.” Adam nodded. Harlan always was trying to make people feel better. He shook the man’s offered hand, it was warm and comforting. He didn’t let it go.

Valhalla Enchanted + brooding Char, Viking One Eye

Chapter Summary

> The Crown Prince is not in the least bit eager to find a suitor and settle down, until a chance encounter...
>
> also on tumblr

300 Word Ficlets
AO3: TigerPrawn

Char sat on the slight bluff above the shore, watching the waves as they roiled and crashed. It was loud, and that was just what he had wanted - *needed*. Loud enough to drown out some of his thoughts, though unfortunately not all. He was travelling these lands on a reprieve - his father believed it to be an adventure before he would finally settle for one of the Princesses and other ladies of noble birth. Tomorrow he returned home.

He saw the ship round the outlet at the same time as the shadow that fell across him. Those northern marauders! Before he could raise the alarm, the shadow above him coalesced into a form. A man. He bore down on Char before the prince could react. Crushing him to the sand, behind the rough scrub of the brush, a hand clamped gently over his mouth.

The wind was knocked from him and the man crushed to him made it impossible for Char to catch his breath. For more than one reason. After a few long minutes the man eased off of him, rolling to the side but still against him, and removed his hand.

"You have attacked a Crown Prince, sir!"

Char would have spoken further, but his words were stolen by the man's face - strikingly beautiful even with a scarred eye. The man actually looked relieved, and Char turned his head to see the boat was heading for open waters.

He turned back and studied the man then, still half pressed to him. His clothes were in tatters but clearly had once been royal robes. He was battered from injuries that marked years, and wore broken shackles on each limb. Perhaps he had just saved Char from a fate that he had himself escaped from?

"I... owe you a debt." He told the once Viking prince, who then smiled at him so beautifully that Char wondered that he might have finally found the right suitor in this saviour.

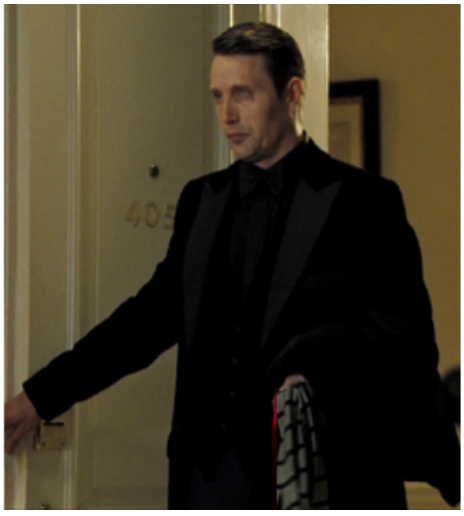
Le Chiffre/One Eye x Dr Flynn + dreams of reincarnation

Chapter Summary

> Le Chiffre's dreams of a previous life become even more interesting when someone of his acquaintance makes an appearance.
>
> also on tumblr

Chapter Notes

> I know this is a little light on Dr Flynn. I've never written a character that I've not watched the source of before, and although Hugh was cast he was never in the movie so I didn't want to try and draw on material that wasn't there. I'm not, and don't intend on becoming, familiar with the series (books or movies) so I'm a little blind on this one. Hopefully this story still comes across alright, as I love Krey's idea of Le Chiffre as a reincarnation of One Eye!



Le Chiffre woke with his pillow covered in blood, his eye having bleed copiously in the night. It rarely happened but even so would have been of little concern to him had it not been for the dream he woke from.

He showered and called room service to have them send up a cleaner - not content to wait for the maid to make her rounds - he paid enough for such privilege. He only wished his mind was as easy to fix. Therapy made him feel weak, it was why he had stopped seeing Dr Flynn, even though he had felt some small progress. He was sure these dreams were the result of his lifestyle - the violence and deception he was set to enact. It stood to reason that his dreams might be brutal.

But in them he was a different man, pitched to fight for his life. One eye gouged in such a brawl. Le Chiffre touched his hand to his face, gently running a finger over his eye. It felt more like a memory than a dream, that was where the madness lay. His haemolacria all too readily seemed an echo of the past. A result of that previous trauma.

But today, he felt all the more mad. For weeks he had been having these dreams - living out that other man's life, or so it seemed. But the violence had not been the only aspect in his dream of the night before. He had been saved - released from the cage that held him when those who had enslaved him did not need him to fight. But a young man had come by, hair a brush of curls, his clothes dirty but rich beneath that.

"We don't allow slaves in my kingdom." His words had been defiant and stuck with Le Chiffre. But he had been struck all the more by something else entirely - he recognised the boy.

Le Chiffre dialled the number - “Dr Flynn, I’d like to resume my therapy.”

Spacedogs A/B/O + more Celeb AU

Chapter Summary

Continuation of Alpha/Alpha Spacedogs Celeb AU

Also on Tumblr

When Gabi phoned him, her voice was high and aggressive. Nigel had visited to run lines with her for a sequel they were starring in and something was wrong.

When Adam arrived at Gabi's he discovered Charlie from Continuity was also there, and Nigel had him practically pinned to a wall. Nigel could be gruff and intimidating, but it wasn't like him to threaten people. Adam couldn't even begin to imagine what had happened.

"Ask him!" Charlie said pointing to Adam as soon as Gabi let him in.

"Ask what?" Adam replied, confused.

"Has this shit been flirting with you?"

Adam could only assume Nigel meant Charlie. "Why would he do that?"

"Because he wants to fuck you!"

Adam frowned - he had worked with Charlie several times but he had never been inappropriate. "I'm confused."

"Nigel thinks that I'm trying to seduce you."

Adam blinked. "But Charlie knows I only like alphas, and that I'm in love with you… Is this a game? A practical joke?" His frown grew deeper. Nigel knew he hated that kind of thing.

"No, gorgeous." Nigel seemed to realise Adam's upset. He strode over and pulled Adam to his chest. "No, I'd never play tricks on you."

"Then... Don't you trust me? You think that I'd be seduced?"

"I trust you darling, of course." Nigel held him closer.

"Then why are you mad at Charlie? Even if he was trying to seduce me, he wouldn't succeed."

Nigel let out an anguished sound. "I've fucked this all up."

"I still don't understand."

Nigel pulled back and looked at him a moment before dropping down onto one knee. "I... wanted to ask … For weeks now, but I know I'm not good enough for you. Haven't always treated you as you deserved. It's the fucking love Adam, it drives me somewhat insane. I didn't want anyone to come between us..." Perhaps realising how ridiculous he was, Nigel ran out of words.

Adam frowned down at him. "Nigel, are you proposing?"

"Yeah, gorgeous, I am."

"Good! I anticipate you being less jealous when we're married. Because you're an idiot when you're jealous."

Gabi laughed as Nigel stood and scooped him up into a kiss.

"I'll always be an idiot over you darling."

Spacedogs + mermaids

Chapter Summary

> Merfolk shouldn't stray too close to the shore, but when Adam does he meets an intriguing magical creature.
>
> Also on Tumblr

Merfolk shouldn’t go to the shallow waters, or worse - to the surface - Adam knew, but he did it often and from a young age. He spent many nights on this outcrop near the shore.. Sometimes humans would pass close but the side of the rock was never visible from land.

Adam let his fins unfurl on the rock, enjoying the sensation of his scales drying in the night air. Always so peaceful here. On a clear night he could see every star in the sky.

It was dark when Adam was startled by splashing, like a herd of humans chasing through the water toward him. He clung to the rock, hoping to go unseen - too late to dive back into the ocean.

Adam squealed when a man rounded the outcrop, up to his chest in water, hiding. He stopped when he saw Adam and gave a lopsided smile that Adam couldn't quite interpret.

"Well, look at you gorgeous. Might want to get that tail moving, they’re on the hunt for magical creatures."

Adam didn't really understand and it was hard to concentrate when the man was so very beautiful - in a way that merfolk never were. Rough and earthy. Adam reached out to touch him before realising it might not be appropriate.

"Need help down kid?" The man asked, taking his hand and lifting him into his arms. "Pretty thing like you, they'll stuff and mount you on the wall. Better swim starfish."

He slowly slid Adam down his body, making the boy shudder. Adam submerged for a moment before resurfacing - surprised by the man beneath the water - not a man, but a centaur.

"Where will you hide?" Adam asked, his heart racing. He had never met other magical folk before and enjoyed the way the man's skin felt against his own.

"You want to find me darling?" Another grin.

Adam's cheeks reddened and he looked away. The centaur pressed a finger under his chin and raised his face so they looked upon each other.

"The mouth of the tidal river. I’ll be there tomorrow at dusk." His smile was predatory. Adam turned tail and swam away as fast as he could, knowing he should be terrified, but equally knowing

he would be at the river at dusk.

Hannigram S4 + spontaneous “I love you”

Chapter Summary

A surprising post-fall confession

Also on Tumblr

“Why didn’t you wake me?” Will yawned as he walked into the kitchen.

Hannibal glanced over his shoulder from where he cooked breakfast before looking away quickly. He was always spooked when Will sauntered around in just his underwear. The man used to be a physician, how on earth could he be so weird about half naked bodies? Will just shook his head and grabbed a mug for coffee. Cuba was hot, what did Hannibal expect?

“You’re still healing, you need rest.” Hannibal’s tone was cool. It made Will wince, as always. “I made breakfast.”

Will nodded and watched as Hannibal plated some sausages and then took the mug from Will’s hand.

“I can make my own damn coffee, Hannibal.” Will huffed. The man had been treating him like an invalid for way too long. They’d been in this safe house for months, it was getting ridiculous.

“Your shoulder is-”

“Fine, it’s fine!” Will near shouted and tried to snatch his mug back but Hannibal held onto it tight.

“I just want to ensure your full recovery, Will-”

“You are-” Will stopped himself from an outburst and continued to ever more wrestle for the mug until he and Hannibal were suddenly against the fridge. “Controlling!” Will finally got out as he

slammed Hannibal's back to the fridge. "You just don't want me to mess up your precious kitchen!"

Hannibal's jaw flexed and he pushed, sending Will stumbling back. Hannibal dropped the mug with a crash as he grabbed Will and stopped his fall. They glared at each other in the strange embrace.

"You're an oaf." Hannibal growled.

"You… you're a… You're lucky I love you otherwise I wouldn't put up with this shit." The words came out gruffly before Will knew what he'd said. He inhaled sharply and Hannibal looked as shocked as Will was at the revelation.

Will watched as Hannibal thawed in front of him. He was struck by the sudden realisation, as Hannibal's mouth curved into a gentle and beautiful smile - this was why he'd been cold, what he'd waited and hoped for.

"I love you too Will."

Hannigram + smut crack in an elevator

Chapter Summary

Going down...

Also on Tumblr

Will felt Hannibal looming behind him in the elevator. Probably smelling him again, the man did so love to do that… and describe his findings in great detail. Will would have found it annoying if it didn't sometimes end with Hannibal describing the scent of Will's own arousal.

They had descended four floors when the elevator suddenly jolted and stopped, a light flashing on the panel to indicate they were stuck between floors.

"Dammit!" Will huffed.

They waited a few moments before Will hit the help button in the panel and it connected immediately.

"Working on it." The voice was gruff. "Ten minutes." The line went dead as Will went to protest.

"Will."

At first Will ignored Hannibal, pressing the button again but no answer came.

"Will!"

Will turned, his frown instantly replaced with concern as he saw the panicked look on Hannibal's face.

"Hannibal?"

“I… I can’t be in here for ten minutes. Will, I should have told you. I suffer from claustrophobia.”

“Shit, are you okay?” Will placed a gentle hand on his arm.

Hannibal nodded valiantly. “I… Usually I’m fine. Or can distract myself.”

“How? What can I do?”

“I use an oral focus. Sipping coffee, chewing gum. Sucking on a candy.”

“Do you have-”

“No, nothing.” Hannibal lamented, balling his fists in frustration. He looked thoughtful, before his face lit up. “There may be one solution.”

He was about to ask his meaning, when Hannibal began unbuckling Will’s belt and dropped to his knees. Before Will could protest, Hannibal had released his cock and was sucking it to hardness.

“Fuck.” Will muttered, his hands threading through Hannibal’s hair. “Fuuuuuuck.” Will let his head drop back as he moaned. Hannibal took him deep into his throat and the speed at which he hardened left Will lightheaded.

The elevator was quickly filled with his moans and lewd sucking and lip smacking noises as Hannibal worked him. All culminating in one long groan bouncing off the walls as Will spilled hot and fast down Hannibal’s throat.

By the time Will regulated his breathing, Hannibal had tucked him away, refastened his trousers and was stood calmly by his side. It was only a moment before the elevator clunked and began to move once more.

“You’re not claustrophobic, are you?” Will’s question was drawn by the subtle grin on Hannibal’s face.

“Are you complaining?” Hannibal’s grin grew teeth.

Will huffed as the elevator doors chimed and opened. He definitely had no intention of complaining.

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